

# The Paducah Sun.

VOL. X. NO. 52.

PADUCAH, KY., MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1903.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

## TWO BOAT DISASTERS

The Valley Queen Burns Below Vicksburg, Miss.

Reported a Total Loss—The Joe B. Williams Sinks \$75,000 Worth of Coal.

A PART OF IT CAN BE SAVED

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 2—The

steamer Valley Queen was burned to the water's edge at 3:30 yesterday morning near Hartsdale Landing, La., below St. Josephine, La., and is reported to be a total loss. No one on board injured.

The Valley Queen left here with about 470 bales of cotton and added about 200 more between here and Bonadurant, all of which is reported lost.

It appears that the boat struck a bar below Bonadurant, where she remained, unable to float off her own power. Captain L. Hinner, in command of the boat, telephoned his agent here to send a tug and barge in order to lighten up his vessel. At daylight the agent received a second message containing information of the boat's total loss and countermanding the former order.

The Valley Queen was a freighter, with a capacity of about 4,000 bales of cotton, and was formerly run in the Red and Onatchita rivers. She was owned by B. C. Rea, Wm. A. Duke, L. Hinner and other New Orleans parties.

WILLIAMS LOSES HER TOW.

Vicksburg, Miss., March 2—The towboat J. B. Williams struck the bar opposite Lake Providence, La., and sunk 28 barges of coal yesterday.

Captain Cameron, the local representative of the Monongahela Coal company, says the coal sunk is Pittsburg coal, destined for New Orleans. He estimated it at 228,000 tons, with an approximate value of \$75,000. A portion of it will be saved.

PLEASANT ANNIVERSARY.

PROF. WM. DEAL ENTERTAINED AT HIS HOME AT WALLACE PARK.

Mr. William Deal, the well known musician, Saturday celebrated his birthday and had a gathering of many of his friends at his residence at Wallace park on Saturday night.

Mr. Deal came here last summer from Louisville, and since his residence here has made many friends who will wish him many happy returns of the day. He is leader of The Kentucky orchestra and director of the Knights of Pythias band and will this season direct a large orchestra at the Wallace park theater for the summer season.

Prof. Deal had called a rehearsal of his band at his residence Saturday night and surprised the members with a delightful spread after the rehearsal had been finished.

HARD-TIME SOCIAL.

The Redcross will give "A Hard Time" social at the Odd Fellows hall, over Oehlslaeger & Walker's Tuesday night. A prize will be given and one to the man and one to the woman who has the most unique costume. Admission 10c.

THE MARKETS.

PUBLISHED BY ARNOLD & GILBERT OF THE

PADUCAH COMMISSION CO.

OPEN HIGH CLOSE

WHEAT—

January 72 1/2 72 1/2 72 1/2

May 73 1/2 73 1/2 73 1/2

July 74 1/2 74 1/2 74 1/2

CORN—

January 47 47 47

May 48 48 48

July 49 49 49

OATS—

January 35 35 35

May 36 36 36

July 37 37 37

POK—

January 18 18 18

May 19 19 19

July 20 20 20

STOCKS

L. & N. 122 122 122

I. C. 142 142 142

U. S. & P. 85 85 85

U. S. & C. 37 37 37

Mo. P. 111 111 111

## AN EXTRA SESSION

Senate Called to Meet March 5th in Special Session.

Judge Hreekinridge Spoke—Mr. Hendrick Slightly Ill Today.

LATE NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

CALLS EXTRA SESSION.

Washington, March 2—President Roosevelt today called the senate to meet in extra session, to assemble March 5. This is because there is yet considerable business to transact.

TODAY'S SPEAKING

Frankfort, Ky., March 2—Judge Hreekinridge today spoke at length in his opening address in the campaign for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Colonel John K. Hendrick, who has a severe cold, spoke but briefly.

ASSASSINATION IN TRIGG.

Hopkinsville, Ky., March 2—Lieutenant Johnson, a farmer, was assassinated from ambush at Golden Pond, Trigg county last night. He was about 50 years old, and no cause is known for the deed, and no one has been found to the identity of his slayer.

TO ELECT A SENATOR.

Dover, Del., March 2—Union Republicans and Democrats have agreed to elect a senator at 3 o'clock today, and Allee looks like the man.

UPPER RIVERS FALLING.

Louisville, Ky., March 2—All the upper rivers are falling but the lower rivers from reports, are rising.

SUCCESSFUL SUICIDE.

Owensboro, Ky., March 2—Charles H. Montgomery, a prominent citizen, died today from the effects of morphine taken Saturday. The cause for his act is unknown.

MORE TYPHOID VICTIMS.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 2—Two more Cornell students died from typhoid fever this morning.

PROMINENT MAN DEAD.

Hopkinsville, Ky., March 2—John Gregory, a prominent citizen, died today very suddenly from hemorrhage while sitting in a chair.

## DIED ALONE

Stone Cutter a Victim of Consumption Here.

Cut Off From a Large Estate with a \$15 Allowance.

Mr. Sam Neelans, age 45 years, a stonecutter by trade, died at his boarding house at Second and Clark streets, yesterday afternoon at 10 o'clock of consumption and the remains will probably be shipped to Philadelphia for burial.

Neelans came here about six months ago and had been employed at the Williamson stone yards during his residence here. He came from a wealthy family in Pennsylvania but was cut off from his father's estate with an allowance of \$15 which he received every quarter. In his youth he had been rather a wild young man and would never remain at home any length of time. He had lived with a sister until she died about one year ago and then began roaming about again, finally settling here. He was an expert at his trade and made numerous friends here who will regret to learn of his death. He leaves one sister in Philadelphia who has been telegraphed and apprised of Neelans' death and an answer is expected today directing the disposition of the remains.

An answer was received from Miss Elizabeth Neelans this morning late instructing the undertakers to ship the remains to Philadelphia tonight at the earliest opportunity. The body will be shipped on the 1:30 train.

## THE LAST WEEK OF THE SUN'S CONTESTS.

Mr. Pearson and Miss Norvell Still Maintain Their Leads.

## HEAVY VOTE POLLED TO-DAY.

The last week of the contest begins today.

Mr. Pearson and Miss Norvell still lead in the two contests with very comfortable margins. They also win the cash prizes of one dollar in each contest.

A very heavy vote was polled today in both contests, and from now on the voting promises to be lively.

The vote is as follows:

Ed Pearson	14439.
Charles Holliday	12153.
Charles Bundy	12012.
H. H. Pexler	3458.
T. W. Baird	1376.
Henry Weimer	858.
J. J. Frenndlich	704.
W. T. Kirkpatrick	573.
Pete Smith	140.

Young Taylor 92.  
George Hauman 83.

LADIES' CONTEST.

Miss Lillie Norvell 18704.

Mrs. Dr. Dancy 11042.

THE PRIZES.

First prize—\$100 in gold.

Second prize—\$50 in gold.

Third prize—\$20.

Fourth prize—\$7.50.

Fifth prize—\$2.50.

Next four—\$1 each.

In the most popular lady contest the prizes are:

First prize—Transportation to Colorado and return at any time during this year.

Second prize—Transportation to either Chicago or New Orleans and return at any time in this year.

I VOTE FOR \_\_\_\_\_  
OF \_\_\_\_\_  
As Most Popular \_\_\_\_\_ Officer in Paducah  
Signed: \_\_\_\_\_  
Monday, March 2

I VOTE FOR \_\_\_\_\_  
As the most popular lady in Paducah  
Signed: \_\_\_\_\_  
Monday, March 2

## BARGES SINK

PAVONIA CATCHES THEM DOWN THE RIVER NEAR TURNER'S.

Saturday night two barges belonging to the Ayer & Lord Tie Company broke loose from their mooring at the Brookport shore and drifted down the river. One barge was loaded with ties and the other was empty. The Pavonia and Danley left yesterday morning to catch them and did at Turner's Landing where one of the barges had sunk. The empty barge sank lower down and was caught by the Pavonia and landed.

The Pavonia is at work today pumping out the barges and transferring the ties to another barge.

Yesterday's prize winners:

## POSTMASTER DEAD.

AL WALLACE'S SUDDEN DEATH AT GRAND RIVERS YESTERDAY.

Postmaster Al Wallace, of Grand Rivers, died yesterday afternoon suddenly of stomach trouble and will be buried this afternoon at Grand Rivers. He had not been complaining until about noon yesterday, after he had been at the postoffice one hour and returned home after closing for the day. He was taken ill about 12 o'clock and at 2 passed away before the family thought his illness serious enough to call in a doctor. The deceased was 28 years of age and leaves a wife and two children. He had been postmaster at Grand Rivers for about one year.

## SMALLPOX SITUATION

There is a Decided Improvement in it Now.

No New Cases at Tyler—One Discovered at Huntington Row.

CHASE AFTER A PATIENT

The smallpox situation in the city and county is now fully under control and but few new cases have been reported since last week.

The Tyler situation is better and several families have been released from quarantine and the patients discharged as cured. In the city the situation has never been serious and only one new case has been reported since Saturday. This case was discovered in the Ford family at house No. 1 in the Huntington Row. Health officer Graves visited the family yesterday afternoon and ordered the Ford senior, who is afflicted, to the pest house and flagged the house. Emigration is being performed today and the house will remain in quarantine no longer than it requires to complete this work.

"I was called to the Tennessee street crossing of the I. C. road Saturday afternoon late," Dr. Graves said this morning "to examine a case of smallpox that was reported at police headquarters. The patient has been lying in a box car which was partially filled with straw and when he learned that the health officer was coming ran away and we could not catch him. It is said that he was broken out all over the face and that he was smoochy, thus disguising his color."

The box car will be ordered burned probably or thoroughly fumigated. Health Officer Graves states in defense of his position taken at the Calise residence that he feels justified in having established the quarantine, as even had the case been only a suspicious one, he should have placed the flag out and been on the safe side.

## COUNCIL MEETING

Much Business to Come up at Tonight's Session.

Hospital and Fire Department Questions to Be Discussed.

The regular meeting of the councilmanic board takes place this evening and there is a probability of a lively session.

The ordinance calling for a special election to vote on the question of issuing hospital bonds will probably come up, and the fire committee will probably make a report on the ordinance increasing the fire department, especially after the trouble that arose over the Gregory fire last week. A report on the investigation of the latter may also be made.

The Meyers street spur track will probably come up again in some form, and the action of the mass convention in Mechanicsburg asking for the track, and the protest of the Central Labor union, will be among the papers read.

It is understood that the council following the Commercial club, will discuss the proposed cut off of the Illinois Central and take what action it deems necessary.

MRS. ARNOLD

WIFE OF THE GET-RICH-QUICK KING GOES THROUGH.

Miss E. J. Arnold, wife of the get-rich-quick promoter, passed through Paducah yesterday en route east, but did not stop here.

She got off a Choctaw train at Memphis and boarded an Illinois Central train and when a reporter asked her destination curtly replied that was her affair.

Attorney William Marble went to Princeton this morning to attend the opening of court.

## BIDS ALL TOO HIGH

County Road Supervisor Rejects Bids for Road Repairs.

The Lowest Was \$30 a Mile—Work May Be Let at Private Contract.

NEARLY 300 MILES TO REPAIR

It is probable the county road work will not be let by contract to the lowest and best bidder this year. Road Supervisor E. B. Johnson some time ago in pursuance of the statutes, advertised for bids for grading and repairing the county roads during the year, and today the bids were opened by Mr. Johnson at the court house.

There are, in round numbers, 275 miles of dirt roads to be graded and repaired this year, and the lowest bids were over double what they cost the county last year.

For the work in the Seventh magisterial district Mr. Will Yancey's bid was the lowest, \$35 a mile.

In the Fifth and Sixth district Squire Hocker's was the lowest, \$30 a mile.

In the Eighth district Otho Minton's bid, \$38 a mile, was the lowest.

Supervisor Johnson rejected all the bids, as he thought them too high.

During the past year Mr. Yancey did the same class of work for \$15 a mile, and did patchwork for \$4.45. The total repaired by him was about 60 miles. "It is said there was no money in it, hence the increase."

It has not yet been decided what will be done in regard to the road work, but under the law, Supervisor Johnson states, the county judge and county road overseer now have a right to let the work at private contract.

It will be seen that at the price bid today the repairs to the county dirt roads alone this year would cost about \$10,000. It is believed that the work can be obtained cheaper. The county intends to gravel about 30 miles of the dirt roads, if possible.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Change Effective Today Regarding Dismissal.

Schools to Last Longer—Attendance is Improving.

The hours of assembling and dismissal of the local public schools has been changed and hereafter, beginning with today, the schools will be called together at 1:15 o'clock, instead of 1 o'clock p. m. and will be dismissed at 4 o'clock instead of 3:30 p. m.

During the months of December, January and February the days are short and the schools had been dismissing at 3:30, losing only fifteen minutes of the regular time set for study, but now, as the days begin to lengthen the schools will be run as formerly in regard to dismissal.

The attendance is improving and the pupils in the primary grades are all back. The bad weather effects the little fellows more than in the higher grades.

Superintendent Hatfield has not yet made out his report to be presented to the school board tomorrow night. He will make several recommendations. It is thought but he had nothing to give out today.

## THE RIVERS

A RISE IS EXPECTED BUT NOT ENOUGH TO HURT.

While there is quite a volume of water coming from all points above, local river men do not expect much more than to cover the fall here during the past two or three days. The stage is about 39 feet, but the river will probably begin rising again today sometime. The recent rains sent some of the rivers booming, but the danger of a flood is not to be feared.



## SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry. Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful looking ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and indolent, sickly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry.

Ordinary sores are liable to become chronic when the blood is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer.

S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germs, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places. S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore, when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time.

If you have a slow healing, stubborn sore, write us about it, and our Physicians will advise you without charge.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**SSS**

**Low Rates**  
TO  
California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho, Montana  
and Utah  
VIA

## Big Four Route

One Way Colonist Tickets at very low rates on sale daily from February 15th to April 30th, 1933, inclusive.

For full information and particulars as to rates, tickets, limits, call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE,  
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt. Asst. G. P. & T. A.  
CINCINNATI, O.  
S. J. Gales, Gen'l Agt. Louisville.

ESTABLISHED 1873  
**The City National Bank**  
PADUCAH, KY.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$400,000.00

S. B. HUGHES, President,  
Jos. L. FREIDMAN, Vice-President,  
J. C. UTTERBACK, Cashier,  
C. E. RICHARDSON, Assistant Cashier.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and individuals solicited, and guaranteed every accommodation consistent with prudent banking.

Interest paid on time deposits.

**DIRECTORS.**  
S. B. HUGHES, W. H. SLACK  
J. C. UTTERBACK, J. L. FREIDMAN  
DR. J. G. BROOKS  
A. E. ANSPACHER, BRACK OWEN

**New Embroideries**  
**New Gingham**  
**At Eley's**

Very handsome new patterns are arriving daily.

Come see them before they are picked over. We think they are very pretty.

**Eley**  
**DRY GOODS CO.**

## COL. CHINN'S FOXES

He Will Raise Reynard as Well as Fox Hounds.

Has Purchased Fine Breeding Place and Employed a Veteran.

### FIRST FOX AND HOUND FARM

Colonel Jack Chinn, who last week presented Colonel H. H. Hobson with two fine fox hounds, and who made many friends while in Paducah several times recently, is a famous hunter, and has decided to raise foxes, as well as fox hounds, which will be a decided innovation.

He owns Leontas, one of the handsomest country homes in the Bluegrass, has created somewhat of a sensation by the purchase of a large tract of land on the Kentucky river, and announcing that he will convert it into a fox and hound farm, making a specialty of raising fine fox hounds and red foxes. He has closed a contract with William Conder, a veteran trapper and hunter, to take charge of the place just purchased, and devote his entire time to looking after the new venture. The farm is adapted for the unique plans of Colonel Chinn, as it is bordered on the eastern side for about a mile by the rugged and beautiful cliffs of the Kentucky river, where reynard already has his stamping ground, and where the chase is the most exciting, often terminating with great dissatisfaction to the lovers of the chase, because the quarry takes refuge in the caves and holes along that portion of the river, thus eluding the hounds when pursuit becomes too hot. Just to the rear of these famous cliffs stretches out many acres of fertile ground whose surface is covered with the richest colored bluegrass, and it is here that the kennels of the fleet footed canines will be erected, and the breeding of blooded dogs will be carried out. In the rugged cliffs will be formed several wire enclosures of enormous size where reynard will be propagated. The enclosure will be constructed of fine wire of a very strong quality and will be something like 25 feet in height, which will prevent the possibility of any of the six animals making escape, while it will, at the same time, give it the appearance of being open and wild, this idea being actuated by the desire to obviate the probability of the animals acquiring domestic habits, which would spoil the chase.

### OLD TIMER GONE

WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED AND HAD PLAYED WITH LINCOLN.

Mr. William F. La Rue, a Kentucky pioneer and 94 years old, died a few days ago in Edmonson county. He was a relative of former Deputy U. S. Marshal M. W. La Rue, of Paducah. Mr. La Rue was born in Laroe county, on Nolynn creek, and was a playmate of Abraham Lincoln. His family settled in Kentucky in 1784, and has lived here continuously. Mr. La Rue was a lifelong member of the Baptist church, and was baptized in that faith in 1828. The remains were interred in the Silent Grove churchyard, seven miles from Rocky Hill, Edmonson county, and was attended by a large concourse of citizens. Mr. La Rue had lived in Edmonson county for half a century. He was a widower and left no children.

### EARN LAUREL CROWN.

Louisa, March 2—Rutyard Kipling's poem, "The Settlers," is hailed with delight by the imperialists as a fitting epilogue to Chamberlain's mission. The speaker describes it as majestic, patriotic verse, by which the laurel crown of the empire has been earned, and suggested that as every parish has a vicar's church warden and a people's church warden, so also England is entitled to have a king's laureate and a people's laureate. This is the unkindest cut which Lord Tennyson's successor has received.

### REBEL CHIEFTAIN CAPTURED

Manila, March 2—General Teeson, governor of Bulacan, is leading the volunteers and constabulary against the ladrones. He had an engagement with the chieftain, Goll-rum, who had been a terror in Bulacan for ten years, and has captured him. Governor Teeson urges the execution of the captured ladrone leaders, declaring that this will cause ladronism to disappear.

## BUILDING PERMITS

CITY ENGINEER WASHINGTON ISSUED QUITE A NUMBER LAST MONTH.

The number of building permits issued during the past month by City Engineer Washington shows marked increase, and a rush is expected this month and next, when spring building begins. Those issued in February were:

A. Grace, frame on Fifth between Madison and Harrison streets, \$400.

King Hale, frame on Fourth between Clay and Trimble streets, \$500.

J. R. Smith, brick finishing on Broadway between Second and Third streets, \$1,500.

J. B. Leavison, two frames on Tenth between Burnett and Flournoy streets, \$900 each.

Mrs. Judge Campbell, brick on Broadway between Twelfth and Thirtieth streets, \$2,500.

August Denker, three frames on Clay between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets, \$200 each.

G. W. Robertson, frame on Third between Harrison and Clay streets, \$1,000.

Mrs. Sarah Lockwood, frame on Harrison street between Fountain avenue and Bradshaw's line, \$340.

Thomas Owen, frame on Harrison between Seventeenth street and Bradshaw's line, \$560.

Henderson Brewing company, frame on Washington between Eleventh street and the Illinois Central right of way, \$900.

Mike Isaman, frame on Twelfth between Ohio and Tennessee streets, \$250.

H. E. Whitladies, frame on Court between Tenth and Eleventh streets, \$100.

Samuel Liebel, frame on Washington between Ninth and Tenth streets, \$400.

## GOES TO CAIRO.

MR. C. C. HAYNES ACCEPTS A POSITION IN THE BOAT STORE.

Mr. C. C. Haynes, who for the past two years has been a clerk in the Fowler-Crumbaugh boat store today resigned his position and left on the Dick Fowler for Cairo to go into his brother's boat store there. Mr. Haynes is a young man who has made many friends during his service with the boatstore company in Paducah, and has the best wishes of them all. His home is in Smithland, Ky., but he had been with his brother, Mr. John Haynes, at Cairo, before he came to Paducah. His successor at the boat store here has not been named.

## COMPANY INCORPORATES.

IT OWNS AMONG OTHER PLANTS ONE IN PADUCAH.

Articles of incorporation for the Imperial Tobacco company have been filed at Henderson, with a capital stock of \$75,000. The incorporators are: James McDonald, Richmond, Va.; George E. Willis, Bristol, England; Charles Samuel Clark, Liverpool, England; Wilford C. Reed, Richmond, Va.

This is the company that bought out the Clarke rehandling house on North Fifth street and has been operating it for several months past.

## ELKS REUNION

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE TO MEET WEDNESDAY TO FIX THE DATE.

President W. P. Kimball, of Lexington, has called a meeting of the executive committee of the Elks State Reunion association for Wednesday at Frankfort to decide on the time for holding the annual state reunion, and to arrange other details. The place of meeting will be Lexington, and it will be the second reunion, the first having been held in Louisville last summer.

## STEAMBOAT MAN DESPONDENT.

Decatur, Ala. March 2—Captain Joseph Glover, a prominent steamboat man, attempted suicide at the Taverner hotel, New Decatur, by taking morphine, and his life is now hanging on a thread. Captain Glover is from Guntersville, Ala., where his wife conducts a hotel. About six months ago he came here and purchased the steamer Isabel King from the Outcast Inn company on the installment plan, and has been running her as freight boat until recently, when the steamer was taken away from him, he failed to make several payments. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of the act.

Subscribe for The Sun.

## MUCH WORK TO DO

Foreman Dustin Has Returned From an Inspection Trip.

There is a Big Increase in the Amount of Repairs Necessary for the I. C. to Do.

### FEW LAY-OFFS HEREAFTER

Mr. A. M. Dustin, foreman of the boiler shops of the local I. C., has returned from the Memphis division of the road where he had been inspecting engines and learning the amount of repairs that will have to be made on them this season.

Mr. Dustin had been working in this capacity for more than two weeks and made a complete inspection on both the Louisville and Memphis divisions, and has completed the report of the work which will have to be done.

In the report, which was furnished Master Mechanic Burton, who will make out orders for material for immediate shipment here, for all the repairing, it is safe to say that the work will be increased one third over last year. It is impossible to estimate the exact amount of repairing to be done but the fact that an addition has been ordered made the machine shops with 30 new machines will substitute the report of the enormous amount of repairing that will be done this summer.

All engines on these two divisions will be brought here for repairs and it is thought that few men will be laid off at the beginning of next winter, as has been the custom of the road to do. Last fall fewer men than usual were laid off and the force is gradually assuming a permanency to size.

## CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

A MEETING TO BE HELD THIS EVENING TO APPOINT COMMITTEES.

The executive committee of the Carnival association meets tonight for the purpose of appointing some of the subcommittees and discussing matters connected with the carnival.

Mr. Gaskill, of the Gaskill company, has notified Director General Lagomarsino that he cannot get here for two or three days yet, being now in Texarkana, Ark. Mr. Potter, of the Hootcock company, is expected some time today.

The site will not be selected until the contract for attractions is let. It is understood, and the contract will not be let until all the carnival men can submit propositions. All the subcommittees will not be selected tonight possibly but the election of a secretary may be held this evening.

## TEN HOURS

AND MORE MEN ADDED TO THE FORCES, ALSO.

This morning the I. C. shops are running on ten hour work day again and several additional hands have been employed in the boiler and machine shops.

For the past several months the working day had been fixed at nine hours on account of the short days but now the regular summer working day is being enforced and the men are working the ten hour schedule. About seven additional hands have been employed in the boiler shops and four or five new machinists added to the mechanical department.

## STEAM HEATING PLANT.

IT WILL PROBABLY BE COMPLETED IN THREE WEEKS.

Work on the steam heating plant, which has been in progress for the past few months, will be finished in about three weeks, if the weather does not seriously interfere. A large portion of it is now ready for use, and tomorrow heat will be turned into two buildings in Paducah, the American-German National and the City National banks.

## GOLCONDA'S FIRST TELEGRAM.

Golconda, Ill., March 2—This dispatch is the first ever sent by telegraph direct from Golconda or any other point in Pope county, all messages heretofore sent from this place having gone by telephone to telegraph lines outside of the county.

The Mary Michael is due today from the Mississippi river with logs.

Turning gray? Why not have the early, dark, rich color restored? It's easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

J. O. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## \$33 to California

That is the Rock Island's rate from Chicago. In effect daily, February 15 to April 30. Tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars, which the Rock Island runs every day in the week Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. These cars make quicker time to Southern California than similar cars over any other line. Cars are operated over both the "Scenic" and "Southern" lines. Folder giving full information mailed on request.



If you are going to California, GO NOW. After May 1st it will cost you nearly \$50.00 more than at present. Low rates to Montana, Idaho, Utah and Puget Sound are also offered by the Rock Island. Write or call. We'll gladly give you full information.

G. D. Bacon, D. C. A., 38 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

## Are You Saving Your Shine Checks?

The Backbone of Winter May Be Broken

But you notice that it is very sloppy underfoot. It will be, too, for six weeks at least.

Are your shoes full of holes and letting in a lot of dampness? If not you are an exception.

If you owned a pair of Lendler & Lydon shoes. Our men's and women's \$3.50 lines are the best possible at the price.

## LENDLER & LYDON,

The People Who Save You Money on Every Purchase.

**J. E. COLLSON,**  
**...Plumbing...**  
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

'Phone 133.

529 Broadway.

## Coal Reduced

"Render" Lump and Egg, 14 Cents  
"Render" Nut, 13 Cents a Bushel

## Central Coal & Iron Company

Incorporated

Eighth and Trimble

J. J. READ, Manager

## CITY TRANSFER CO.

C. L. VAN METER, Manager.

ALL KINDS OF TRANSFERING, MOVING AND HEAVY HAULING

MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.

OFFICE—River front, between Court and Washington streets. Telephone, No. 499. All orders, large or small, will receive prompt attention.

Blank



## SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry. Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful looking ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and in olden, sickly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry.

Ordinary sores are liable to become chronic when the blood is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer.

S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germs, laden, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places. S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore, when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time.

If you have a slow healing, stubborn sore, write us about it, and our Physicians will advise you without charge. **SSS** The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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One Way Colonist Tickets at very low rates on sale daily from February 15th to April 30th, 1903, inclusive.

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Very handsome new patterns are arriving daily.

Come see them before they are picked over. We think they are very pretty.

**Eley**  
**DRY GOODS CO.**

## COL. CHINN'S FOXES

He Will Raise Reynard as Well as Fox Hounds.

Has Purchased Fine Breeding Place and Employed a Veteran.

### FIRST FOX AND HOUND FARM

Colonel Jack Chinn, who last week presented Colonel H. H. Nelson with two fine fox hounds, and who made many friends while in Paducah several times recently, is a famous hunter, and has decided to raise foxes, as well as fox hounds, which will be a decided innovation.

He owns Leontana, one of the handsomest country homes in the Bluegrass, has created somewhat of a sensation by the purchase of a large tract of land on the Kentucky river, and announcing that he will convert it into a fox and hound farm, making a specialty of raising fine fox hounds and red foxes. He has closed a contract with William Conder, a veteran trapper and hunter, to take charge of the place just purchased, and devote his entire time to looking after the new venture. The farm is adapted for the unique plans of Colonel Chinn, as it is bordered on the eastern side for about a mile by the rugged and beautiful cliffs of the Kentucky river, where Reynard already has his stamping ground, and where the chase are the most exciting, often terminating with great dissatisfaction to the lovers of the chase, because the quarry takes refuge in the caves and holes along that portion of the river, thus eluding the hounds when pursuit becomes too hot. Just to the rear of these famous cliffs stretches out many acres of fertile ground whose surface is covered with the richest colored bluegrass, and it is here that the kennels of the fleet footed canines will be erected, and the breeding of blooded dogs will be carried out. In the rugged cliffs will be formed several wire enclosures of enormous size where Reynard will be propagated. The enclosure will be constructed of fine wire of a very strong quality and will be something like 25 feet in height, which will prevent the possibility of any of the sly animals making escape, while it will, at the same time, give it the appearance of being open and wild, this idea being actuated by the desire to abate the probability of the animals acquiring domestic habits, which would spoil the chase.

**OLD TIMER GONE**  
WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED AND HAD PLAYED WITH LINCOLN.

Mr. William F. La Rue, a Kentucky pioneer and 94 years old, died a few days ago in Edmonson county. He was a relative of former Deputy U. S. Marshal M. W. La Rue, of Paducah. Mr. La Rue was born in Laroe county, on Nollyn creek, and was a playmate of Abraham Lincoln. His family settled in Kentucky in 1784, and has lived here continuously. Mr. La Rue was a lifelong member of the Baptist church, and was baptized in that faith in 1828. The remains were interred in the Silent Grove churchyard, seven miles from Rocky Hill, Edmonson county, and was attended by a large concourse of citizens. Mr. La Rue had lived in Edmonson county for half a century. He was a widower and left no children.

**EARN LAUREL CROWN**  
London, March 2.—It is a story of Kipling's poem, "The Settlers," is hailed with delight by the imperialists as a fitting epilogue to Chamberlain's mission. The speaker describes it as majestic, patriotic verse, by which the laurel crown of the empire has been earned, and suggested that as every parish has a vicar's church warden and a people's church warden, so also England is entitled to have a king's laureate and a people's laureate. This is the kindest cut which Lord Tennyson's successor has received.

**REBEL CHIEFTAIN CAPTURED**  
Manila, March 2.—General Tieson, governor of Bulacan, is leading the volunteers and constabulary against the ladrone. He had an engagement with the chieftain, Guillermo, who had been a terror in Bulacan for ten years, and has captured him. Governor Tieson urges the execution of the captured ladrone leaders, declaring that this will cause ladroneism to disappear.

## BUILDING PERMITS

CITY ENGINEER WASHINGTON ISSUED QUITE A NUMBER LAST MONTH.

The number of building permits issued during the past month by City Engineer Washington shows marked increase, and a rush is expected this month and next, when spring building begins. Those issued in February were:

A. Grace, frame on Fifth between Madison and Harrison streets, \$400.

King Hale, frame on Fourth between Clay and Trimble streets, \$500.

J. R. Smith, brick finishing on Broadway between Second and Third streets, \$1,500.

J. B. Leavison, two frames on Tenth between Burnett and Flournoy streets, \$900 each.

Mrs. Judge Campbell, brick on Broadway between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, \$3,500.

August Denker, three frames on Clay between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets, \$200 each.

G. W. Robertson, frame on Third between Harrison and Clay streets, \$1,000.

Mrs. Sarah Lockwood, frame on Harrison street between Fountain avenue and Bradshaw's line, \$540.

Thomas Owen, frame on Harrison between Seventeenth street and Bradshaw's line, \$560.

Henderson Brewing company, frame on Washington between Eleventh street and the Illinois Central right of way, \$900.

Mike Isaman, frame on Twelfth between Ohio and Tennessee streets, \$250.

H. E. Whitesides, frame on Court between Tenth and Eleventh streets, \$100.

Samuel Liebel, frame on Washington between Ninth and Tenth streets, \$100.

## GOES TO CAIRO.

MR. C. C. HAYNES ACCEPTS A POSITION IN THE BOAT STORE.

Mr. C. C. Haynes, who for the past two years has been a clerk in the Fowler-Crumbaugh boat store, today resigned his position and left on the Dick Fowler for Cairo to go into his brother's boat store there. Mr. Haynes is a young man who has made many friends during his service with the boat store company in Paducah, and has the best wishes of them all. His home is in Smithland, Ky., but he had been with his brother, Mr. John Haynes, at Cairo, before he came to Paducah. His successor at the boat store here has not been named.

## COMPANY INCORPORATES.

IT OWNS AMONG OTHER PLANTS ONE IN PADUCAH.

Articles of incorporation for the Imperial Tobacco company have been filed at Henderson, with a capital stock of \$75,000. The incorporators are: James McDonald, Richmond, Va.; George E. Willis, Bristol, England; Charles Samuel Clark, Liverpool, England; Wilford C. Reed, Richmond, Va.

This is the company that bought out the Clark rehandling house on North Fifth street and has been operating it for several months past.

## ELKS REUNION

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE TO MEET WEDNESDAY TO FIX THE DATE.

President W. P. Kimball, of Lexington, has called a meeting of the executive committee of the Elks State Reunion association for Wednesday at Frankfort to decide on the time for holding the annual state reunion, and to arrange other details. The place of meeting will be Lexington, and it will be the second reunion, the first having been held in Louisville last summer.

## STEAMBOAT MAN DESPONDENT.

Decatur, Ala., March 2.—Captain Joseph Glover, a prominent steamboat man, attempted suicide at the Tavern hotel, New Decatur, by taking morphine, and his life is now hanging on a thread. Captain Glover is from Guntersville, Ala., where his wife conducts a hotel. About six months ago he came here and purchased the steamboat company on the installment plan, and has been running her as freight boat until recently, when the steamer was taken away from him, as he failed to make several payments. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of the act.

Subscribe for T. S. Sun.

## MUCH WORK TO DO

Foreman Dustin Has Returned From an Inspection Trip.

There is a Big Increase in the Amount of Repairs Necessary for the I. C. to Do.

### FEW LAY-OFFS HEREAFTER

Mr. A. M. Dustin, foreman of the boiler shops of the local I. C., has returned from the Memphis division of the road where he had been inspecting engines and learning the amount of repairs that will have to be made on them this season.

Mr. Dustin had been working in this capacity for more than two weeks and made a complete inspection on both the Louisville and Memphis divisions, and has completed the report of the work which will have to be done.

In the report, which was furnished Master Mechanic Burton, who will make out orders for material for immediate shipment here, for all the repairing, it is safe to say that the work will be increased one third over last year. It is impossible to estimate the exact amount of repairing to be done but the fact that an addition has been ordered made the machine shops with 20 new machines will substitute the report of the enormous amount of repairing that will be done this summer.

All engines on these two divisions will be brought here for repairs and it is thought that few men will be laid off at the beginning of next winter, as has been the custom of the road to do. Last fall fewer men than usual were laid off and the forces are gradually assuming a permanency in size.

## CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

A MEETING TO BE HELD THIS EVENING TO APPOINT COMMITTEES.

The executive committee of the Carnival association meets tonight for the purpose of appointing some of the sub-committees and discussing matters connected with the carnival.

Mr. Gaskill, of the Gaskill company, has notified Director General Lagomarsino that he cannot get here for two or three days yet, being now in Texarkana, Ark. Mr. Potter, of the Bostock company, is expected some time today.

The site will not be selected until the contract for attractions is let. It is understood, and the contract will not be let until all the carnival men can submit propositions. All the sub-committees will not be selected tonight possibly but the election of a secretary may be held this evening.

## TEN HOURS

AND MORE MEN ADDED TO THE FORCES, ALSO.

This morning the I. C. shops are running on ten hour work day again and several additional hands have been employed in the boiler and machine shops.

For the past several months the working day had been fixed at nine hours on account of the short days but now the regular summer working day is being enforced and the men are working the ten hour schedule. About seven additional hands have been employed in the boiler shops and four or five new machinists added to the mechanical department.

## STEAM HEATING PLANT.

IT WILL PROBABLY BE COMPLETED IN THREE WEEKS.

Work on the steam heating plant, which has been in progress for the past few months, will be finished in about three weeks, if the weather does not seriously interfere. A large portion of it is now ready for use, and tomorrow heat will be turned into two buildings in Paducah, the American-German National and the City National banks.

## GOLCONDA'S FIRST TELEGRAM.

Golconda, Ill., March 2.—This dispatch is the first ever sent by telegraph direct from Golconda or any other point in Pope county, all messages heretofore sent from this place having gone by telephone to telegraph lines outside of the county.

The Mary Michael is due today from the Mississippi river with logs.

Turning gray? Why not have the early, dark, rich color restored? It's easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

**\$33 to California**

That is the Rock Island's rate from Chicago. In effect daily, February 15 to April 30. Tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars, which the Rock Island runs every day in the week Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. These cars make quicker time to Southern California than similar cars over any other line. Cars are operated over both the "Scenic" and "Southern" lines. Folder giving full information mailed on request.

If you are going to California, GO NOW. After May 1st it will cost you nearly \$20.00 more than at present. Low rates to Montana, Idaho, Utah and Puget Sound are also offered by the Rock Island. Write or call. We'll gladly give you full information.

U. S. Harco, U. S. A., 38 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

## Are You Saving Your Shine Checks?

The Backbone of Winter May Be Broken

But you notice that it is very sloppy underfoot. It will be, too, for six weeks at least.

Are your shoes full of holes and letting in a lot of dampness? If not you are an exception.

If you owned a pair of Lendler & Lydon shoes. Our men's and women's \$3.50 lines are the best possible at the price.

**LENDLER & LYDON,**  
The People Who Save You Money on Every Purchase.

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**...Plumbing...**  
Steam and Hot Water Heating.  
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"Render" Lump and Egg, 14 Cents  
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**Central Coal & Iron Company**  
Incorporated  
Eighth and Trimble J. J. READ, Manager

**CITY TRANSFER CO.**  
C. L. VAN METER, Manager.  
ALL KINDS OF TRANSFERRING, MOVING AND HEAVY HAULING  
MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.  
OFFICE—River front, between Court and Washington streets. Telephone, No. 499. All orders, large or small, will receive prompt attention.



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The Best Line to  
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add all points in Indiana and Michigan.

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Information cheerfully furnished on application at City Ticket office "Big Four Route," No. 259 4th Ave., or write to

S. J. Gates,  
Gen'l Agent Louisville, Ky.

## YE WHO DRESS WELL GIVE HEED!

Join the Procession  
Get in line by sending  
your Laundry to the

**STAR STEAM LAUNDRY,**  
YOUNG & GRIFFITH, Props.  
PHONE 200.

## RYMAN LINE.

NASHVILLE AND PADUCAH PACKET

## Str. H. W. Butterff.

Leaves Paducah for Clarksville every Monday, 12 m.  
Leaves Paducah for Nashville every Wednesday, 12 m.  
Leaves Clarksville every Tuesday noon for Paducah.  
Leaves Nashville every Saturday noon for Paducah.  
For freight or passage apply on board or to Given Fowler, Agent.  
J. S. Tyner, Master. W. A. Bishop, Clerk.

## ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

### FOR TENNESSEE RIVER

## STEAMER CLYDE

Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River every Wednesday at 4 p. m.  
LOUIS PELL, Master.  
HUGHEN ROBINSON, Clerk.  
This company is not responsible for invoice charges unless collected by the clerk of the boat.

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ARCHITECT

516 BROADWAY PHONE 20

# The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Woven With the Ship," "Hohenhausen,"  
"The Quiberon Touch," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by Cyrus Townsend Brady

## CHAPTER II.

A HARD SITUATION FOR A MODERN MAN.

"I WILL, I WILL," he murmured, staring down at the road through the live oaks.

As he spoke there was a step on the porch behind him, and a deep voice broke his reverie. The youth turned to meet his father.

"Breathing again, Boyd?" said the older reprovingly.

In appearance he was nearly the counterpart of his son, but with resolution added, decision acquired and dramatic long lost in tempering experience. His bushy hair was snow white, although not from age, for he was just turned fifty. His thick drooping mustache and lifted imperial were also white. As he looked at his son he presented a stern, weather beaten, war worn face. Colonel Peyton had been a soldier. He had fought with distinction in the Mexican war fourteen years before. Old soldiers usually develop into the fat and red or the thin and lean kind of men. Colonel Peyton was one of the latter class, although his temper was as quick and fierce as that of the most choleric and gouty old veteran. His voice was full and rich, and in pronunciation and accent betrayed his southern characteristics beyond question. Boyd's voice was different. It was still southern, but not markedly so. He had lived so long in the north and on the sea, and he had tried so hard to mold it into its distinguishing characteristics, and except when he was excited it was cosmopolitan and therefore monotonous.

"Dreaming again, Boyd? It's not good for an officer. I had hoped that your Naval academy training, your experience as an officer, might get you out of that bad habit. But here you are at it again, I see."

The old man frowned and shook his head hopelessly toward his son.

"No, father," said the young man quickly, "not dreaming when you spoke, but—"

"But what, sir? Only he pronounced it 'uh.'"

"Resolving."

"Ha, that's better! And resolving upon what, pray?"

"Resolving to take a wife, sir. If I can get her, that is, sir."

"A wife! A wife!" in sudden suspicion.

"A wife, sir," answered his son firmly.

"How old are you now, sir?" asked his father, having partially digested the unexpected announcement.

"Just twenty-two, sir."

"You are young to speak of marriage, lad."

"Yes, sir, I am," answered Boyd promptly. "But it is a habit of our family, sir, as I have heard. Mother was sixteen. I think, when she married you, and you were no older than I am myself then, sir."

"Well, or yes, of course," said the colonel, rather taken aback by this strikingly direct, if smiling, charge.

"Then—who is the lady? I hope, Boyd, that you have not fallen in love with some foreigner in Europe or—"

"No, sir."

"Or with any Yankee girl. A man should marry among his own people, especially now. I—"



He kissed the plump white fingers with charming old fashioned grace.

"Well, sir," said Boyd hesitatingly to a spirit of fun. "I met her in New England, at Boston, last winter, and I—"

"Boyd Peyton, don't tell me that you are going to marry outside of your own class," thundered his father; "that you are going to ally yourself with one of those northern tradespeople—with one of Lincoln's!"

No one could have exceeded the bitter contempt with which he spoke.

"Father," cried the young man hastily, seeing evidences of an explosion in the reddening face and excited manner of his father, "it is Mary Annan."

"Why, God bless me!" returned the old man, greatly relieved, grasping his son by the shoulders and giving him a little shake. "Why didn't you say so? Why that girl is the pride of my life, the prettiest girl in Mobile, the belle of Alabama. You young dog! What do you mean by trying to fool your father in this way? My heart's been set upon it. It's the best thing that could have happened. I could not!"

"Hold on, father! It hasn't happened yet."

"Ha—what's that?"

"Well, sir, you see, I haven't said anything to her as yet, and I don't know what she will do."

"Boyd Peyton, do you mean to tell me that you were a whole winter with that girl—and you a sailor, sir, an officer, damned—and you have not proposed to her yet?"

"Yes, sir, I—"

"Well, by gad, sir," exploded the older man, "when I was a young man if I were with a charming girl like that for a week and didn't propose to her I would consider that I was reflecting on her character, by Jove! I always proposed to all the girls I—"

"What's that, Willis?" interrupted a sweet voiced young matron, joining the group on the porch, through the open door of the hall. "You always proposed to whom, sir?"

"Er—my dear—Lucy, I—er—stammered the colonel in much confusion. "You see, I meant to say I proposed to you the first time I saw you and kept it up regularly every week until you accepted me. That's all, my dear," he went on, with pardonable mendacity.

"Oh, indeed, sir," laughed the lady. "Well, what are you rating Boyd for?"

"Because he doesn't propose to Mary Annan."

"Mary Annan?" cried the young man's mother. "Does he love her?"

"And—begging your pardon, my dear—how could he help it? I almost love her myself," chuckled the colonel.

"Don't make any reservation on my account, colonel," retorted his wife composedly, coming nearer to him as she spoke and laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder. "We old women cannot compete with young girls like Mary Annan, I know."

"My dear," said the colonel, taking her hand and bowing low over it while he kissed the plump white fingers with charming old fashioned deference and grace—a very polished gentleman indeed—was her gallant husband, she thought—"Mary Annan can't hold a candle to you, and no other girl can or could that I ever saw, young or old. By Jove, Boyd, you should have seen your mother when she was Mary's age! The belle of the Old Dominion, sir, and the toast of Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, the White Sulphur, everywhere! Gad, sir, I was out with three young bucks before I—"

"Fie, colonel, what an example for your son! But tell us, Boyd, dear, do you love her?"

"Love Mary Annan, mother?" said the young man, much abashed at the publicity given to his love affairs, yet forcing himself to speak boldly and answer her question, when he was interrupted a third time.

"Why, mother," said Miss Pinkie Peyton, his sister, a young woman just turned eighteen, as she joined the group on the porch, "if you could have read his letters to me you would think the sun rose and set and the earth began and ended in Mary Annan. Love her?"

"That's as it should be," said the colonel decisively. "I used to feel that way about your mother, children."

"Used to feel that way, Colonel Peyton?" queried the matron, with an emphasis, easily understood, on the first word.

"I do now, indeed, and more and more every year," said the colonel hastily, anxious to repair his blunder.

"Sir," said Boyd, smiling, "it only remains to take Willis into our confidence now and hold a family council upon the situation."

"I know all about it," nonchalantly remarked Willis, the last member of the family to appear on the scene.

Willis Peyton was small of stature, being twin brother to Pinkie, but an alert, bright appearing young fellow, with no whit of his brother's abstracted habit of mind, apparently. He had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Pinkie, here, can't keep anything from me, her beloved twin brother, you know," he rattled on, "and always asks my advice in affairs of the heart—her own or another's. I think I have been most judicious in getting your messages delivered to Miss Mary without her suspecting it, and if she ever marries you'll owe me a debt of gratitude."

"Thanks, Willis," answered Boyd dryly. "And how about the lady?"

"Oh, she'll owe me nothing. Don't for the world tell her I had any hand in it. I don't wish to lose her regard on any account."

"Well, my son, have not you spoken to Mary?" interrupted his mother.

"No, mother; not yet."

"You have been most infernally—beg your pardon, my love, but it's true—slow about it," said the colonel decisively, "but you must do it this very day."

"I know, of course, that she must know that I—that I—but I—see, see."

father," he went on lamely, "I did not like to take advantage of her being alone in Boston. I was the only one of her people there, you know, and I thought it was proper to ask Judge Annan—"

"Ask nobody, sir, but the lady herself, sir!" asserted the colonel. "Bless me! Young men of today haven't any spirit at all!"

"Do you wish that tale to be carried out when somebody comes here for Pinkie?" asked Willis quickly.

"I reckon nobody is coming around after me at present, or at any time," interrupted Pinkie pertly, with a toss of her head.

"Well, if they know a good thing when they see it, they will," responded Willis. "Don't you worry, Pinkie, dear, I'll look out for you and steer you through the troubled waters of your love affairs. If you will trust yourself to me, you'll be all right. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," said Boyd, "I am going down to see Miss Mary as soon as breakfast is over."

"The idea of waiting until breakfast is over before you go to see your sweetheart!" exclaimed the provoking Willis, with exaggerated disgust. "Breakfast before love! That's modern chivalry!"

"It isn't that, youngster," said Boyd, catching him by his shoulders with a gesture strikingly like his father's; "you'll know when you're older that it isn't respectable to call on young ladies at such an hour."

"Oh, well, for that matter, being in love is not respectable anyway," answered Willis contentiously.

"Boys, boys!" said their mother, half laughing, wholly in earnest, "a man is never so worthy of respect as when he is in love—and remains in love. That's why I have such a high esteem for your father here."

"Of course, of course," said the colonel, swelling visibly at the compliment, "but here's Dinah, and breakfast is ready. Come on, Lucy. Love and breakfast I always found to harmonize admirably in my case—both charming and both necessary. Come, children."

CHAPTER III.

MARY ANNAN WILL NOT BE MADE LOVE TO.

MISS TEMPE ANNAN was a singular mixture of the grave and the gay. This morning she was feeling deeply serious, not to say melancholy, for reasons various, but sufficient. In the first place, she was, as she would have phrased it, "dressed up." She was not yet old enough to enjoy at any and every time that process which she would find so delightful in later years. New clothes and best clothes made her miserable, especially when they were put on without rhyme or reason. The fact that she was at that moment seated in the great best room also oppressed her.

The child might have endured all these things, however, had it not been for an open book in the hand of a young lady who sat beside her. That open book meant to Miss Tempe an unlearned lesson. Most of Tempe's lessons were unlearned.

"Now, Tempe, dear," began her companion gently when the two had settled themselves, one comfortably and the other without any modification of her stubborn predetermined discomfort, before the wood fire crackling and burning cheerfully in the open grate—now, Tempe, you really must say your lessons. Yesterday I let you off, the day before you were ill, but you must do them today."

"Yes, Sister Mary," said Tempe meekly. Tempe spoke with a lip, too slight to indicate, but just enough to be attractive. Her pronunciation was strikingly like her sister's.

At her sister's instigation Tempe arose and stood by her side, and both heads bent low over the volume, while with unspokeable agonies and violent contortions the child endeavored to extract from the printed page the information that "the cat had the rat."

"Now, honey," said her sister persistently, "look at it; look at it hard! What is that first letter?"

"H," answered the child promptly, making a desperate guess.

"No, it's not 'h.' It looks a little like a part of an 'h,' but it isn't. What do we have for supper?"

"Cake," said Tempe triumphantly. "But it isn't cake, Sister Mary, is it?"

"No, it isn't cake, Tempe, and you know it isn't," said Sister Mary severely. "It's 't'-ten; you know."

"I don't have tea for supper. You said I was too little to have tea for supper. I don't know how I could remember that it was tea."

"Well, it is 't.' Now, remember that. Now, what is the next letter?"

But Tempe remained obstinately silent. The girl glanced up from the book to ascertain the cause of the sudden stillness, saw the petrified stare upon her little sister's face, turned her head in the direction of her gaze, dropped the book and sprang to her feet with an ejaculation of delighted surprise.

"Why, Boyd Peyton?" she exclaimed, utterly forgetful of her little sister. "How glad I am to see you! Welcome to Annandale! What a surprise!"

"Didn't you know I was coming, Miss Mary? I thought that Pink and Willis—"

"Oh, yes, I knew it, of course, but your coming upon us so suddenly, you know, startled me."

"Forgive me," he said contritely. "I would not let the man announce me. I wanted to surprise you."

"It's all right. But come in and sit down. When did you get into town? How long are you going to stay? Why haven't you been to see me before?"

She poured out her questions upon him in a perfect torrent.

"I got here only last night—quite too late to visit you then; so I rode down the first thing this morning. I wanted to come the minute I got into town. The fact is, I believe I thought of seeing you more than I did father or mother or anybody else."

"You believe you did?" with a toss

of the head and a suspicious emphasis on the second word.

"I am sure of it," confidently. "Please, ma'am, Sister Mary," interrupted Tempe, "may I go now?"

"Yes, dear, run and play."

"But my lessons aren't finished," protested the child, who suddenly developed an unexpected and very unusual thirst for knowledge.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll hear them after awhile. Say good morning to Mr. Peyton and run along."

"How do you do, Miss Tempe?" said Peyton gravely as the child walked over to him and extended her small brown hand.

"I am very well, sir, and I hope you are the same."

"Thank you, I am," laughed the young man. "My, how you have grown! You were such a little girl when I saw you last. Now you are quite a young lady, and so dressed up too!"

"Yes, Mr. Peyton, Sister Mary dressed me up this morning. These are my best clothes. I don't see why she did it. It isn't—it isn't, I mean—Sunday, isn't it not going to a party. An' I had my lessons in the best parlor too. Did you dress me up, Sister Mary, because Mr. Peyton was coming?"

Sister Mary blushed violently, and, to cover her confusion, Peyton slipped a box of sweets he had brought with him into the hand of the child and bade her run and eat them. In fact, he accompanied her to the door and stood looking after her for a few moments with thoughtful consideration before he returned to his seat.

Mary Annan had recovered her composure, in some measure, at least, by a violent effort, but when Peyton sat down again an awful silence ensued.

"You are the same old Boyd Peyton as ever, I see," she said at last to him. "You have not seen me for six months and haven't said half a dozen words to me, and now you are actually dreaming in my presence."

"I have been dreaming about your presence ever since I saw you last, Miss Mary, and it is natural that I should dream on while I'm here. Besides, I was wondering—"

He stopped again.

"Wondering about what?" she asked somewhat lugubriously; not a bit of a dreamer, she, at least not yet.

"Wondering if the child spoke the truth."

"Children usually do," answered the girl lightly. "Duplicity comes later."

"At what age?"

"I've not lived long enough to find out, sir," wittily answered the girl, smiling at his confusion. "But you were wondering about Tempe."

"Yes, wondering whether you did dress her up for—whether you were—whether you really—"

He stopped lamely enough and looked gravely away from her. She laughed merrily.

"Whether I expected you? Of course I did. I knew you were coming. I expected you last night, and when you didn't come I was awfully disappointed, but I knew you would be here this morning. I have been anticipating this moment for a long time; hence this

open parlor, this blazing fire, Tempe's best dress and all the rest. Things have been made ready for your reception," she went on audaciously, bowing low before him with mocking reverence. Now your first question is answered, tell me how did you leave Boston?"

"Cold, gloomy, frozen. You never saw anything like it."

"Did you see Miss Metcalfe before you left?"

"Yes; I called at the school, and the old lady sent you her best love."

"She was a sweet old soul," said the girl.

"Yes," he assented heartily. "You remember she let us go out together pretty much whenever we wanted to. It was so nice of her."

"Oh, well, she looked upon you as my brother almost, of course."

"But you didn't look upon me that way, did you?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, no; not exactly," she answered; "you see, I have only one brother, and Beverly is only thirteen. He is away at school, by the way. Now, you are too old for me to regard you as that kind of a brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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# The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Woven With the Ship," "Hohenzollern,"  
"The Quiberon Touch," Etc.

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## CHAPTER II.

A HARD SITUATION FOR A MODERN MAN.  
"WILL, I will!" he murmur-  
ed, starting down at the road  
through the live oaks.

As he spoke there was a  
step on the porch behind him, and a  
deep voice broke his reverie. The youth  
turned to meet his father.

"Dreaming again, Boyd?" said the  
elder reproachfully.

In appearance he was nearly the  
counterpart of his son, but with more  
broad shoulders, a more decided jaw  
and a more long hair, and a more  
experience. His bushy hair was snow  
white, although not from age, for he  
was just turned fifty. His thick droop-  
ing mustache and tufted imperial were  
also white. As he looked at his son  
he presented a stern, weather beaten,  
war worn face. Colonel Peyton had  
been a soldier. He had fought with  
distinction in the Mexican war four-  
teen years before. Old soldiers usually  
develop into the fat and red and the  
thin and lean kind of men. Colonel  
Peyton was one of the latter class, al-  
though his temper was as quick and  
fiery as that of the most choleric and  
gouty old veteran. His voice was full  
and rich, and in pronunciation and ac-  
cent betrayed his southern character-  
istics beyond question. Boyd's voice  
was different. It was still southern,  
but not markedly so. He had lived so  
long in the north and on the sea, and  
he had tried so hard to mold it in  
stereotyped form, that it had lost most  
of its distinguishing characteristics,  
and except when he was excited it was  
cosmopolitan and therefore monotonous.

"Dreaming again, Boyd? It's not  
good for an officer. I had hoped that  
your Naval academy training, your ex-  
perience as an officer, might get you  
out of that bad habit. But here you  
are at it again, I see."

The old man frowned and shook his  
head helplessly toward his son.

"No, father," said the young man  
quickly, "not dreaming when you  
spoke, but—"

"But what, sir?" Only he pronounced  
it "sub."

"Hesitating."

"Ha, that's better! And hesitating  
upon what, pray?"

"Hesitating to take a wife, sir. If I  
can get her, that is, sir."

"A wife! A wife!" in sudden ex-  
clamation.

"A wife, sir," answered his son  
firmly.

"How old are you now, sir?" asked  
his father, having partially digested  
the unexpected announcement.

"Just twenty-two, sir."

"You are young to speak of mar-  
riage, lad."

"Yes, sir, I am," answered Boyd  
promptly. "But it is a habit of our  
family, sir, as I have heard. Mother  
was sixteen, I think, when she mar-  
ried you, and you were no older than I  
am myself then, sir."

"Well, er—yes, of course," said the  
colonel, rather taken aback by this  
strikingly direct, if smiling, charge.

"I—er—who is the lady? I hope, Boyd,  
that you have not fallen in love with  
some foreigner in Europe or—"

"No, sir."

"Or with any Yankee girl. A man  
should marry among his own people,  
especially now. I—"



He kissed the plump white fingers with  
charming old-fashioned grace.

"Well, sir," said Boyd hesitatingly  
in a spirit of fun, "I met her in New  
England, at Boston, last winter, and I—"

"Boyd Peyton, don't tell me that you  
are going to marry outside of your own  
class," thundered his father; "that  
you are going to ally yourself with one  
of those northern tradespeople—with  
one of Lincoln's!"

No one could have exceeded the bit-  
ter contempt with which he spoke.

"Father," cried the young man ha-  
stily, seeing evidences of an explosion  
in the reddening face and excited man-  
ner of his father, "it is Mary Annan."

"Why, God bless me!" returned the  
old man, greatly relieved, grasping his  
son by the shoulders and giving him a  
little shake. "Why didn't you say so?  
Why, that girl is the pride of my life,  
the prettiest girl in Middle, the belle  
of Alabama. You young dog! What  
do you mean by trying to fool your fa-  
ther in this way? My heart's been set  
upon it. It's the best thing that could  
have happened. I could not—"

"Hold on, father! It hasn't happened  
yet."

"Ha—what's that?"

"Well, sir; you see, I haven't said  
anything to her as yet, and I don't  
know what she will do."

"Boyd Peyton, do you mean to tell  
me that you were a whole winter with  
that girl—and you a sailor, sir, an of-  
ficer, damme!—and you have not pro-  
posed to her yet?"

"Yes, sir, I—"

"Well, by gad, sir," exploded the old  
man, "when I was a young man if I  
were with a charming girl like that  
for a week and didn't propose to her I  
would consider that I was reflecting  
on her character, by Jove! I always  
proposed to all the girls I—"

"What's that, Willie?" interrupted a  
sweet voiced young matron, joining the  
group on the porch, through the open  
door of the hall. "You always proposed  
to whom, sir?"

"Er—my dear—Lucy, I—er—stam-  
mered the colonel in much confusion.

"You see, I meant to say I proposed to  
you the first time I saw you and kept  
it up regularly every week until you  
accepted me. That's all, my dear," he  
went on, with pardonable mendacity.

"Oh, indeed, sir?" laughed the lady.  
"Well, what are you rating Boyd for?"

"Because he doesn't propose to Mary  
Annan."

"Mary Annan?" cried the young  
man's mother. "Does he love her?"

"God—begging your pardon, my dear  
—how could he help it? I almost love  
her myself," chuckled the colonel.

"Don't make any reservation on my  
account, colonel," retorted his wife  
composedly, coming nearer to him as  
she spoke and laying her hand affec-  
tionately on his shoulder. "We old  
women cannot compete with young  
girls like Mary Annan, I know."

"My dear," said the colonel, taking  
her hand and bowing low over it while  
he kissed the plump white fingers with  
charming old-fashioned deference and  
grace—a very polished gentleman in-  
deed—was her gallant husband, she  
thought—"Mary Annan can't hold a  
candle to you, and no other girl can  
or could that I ever saw, young or old.

My Jove, Boyd, you should have seen  
your mother when she was Mary's  
age! The belle of the Old Dominion,  
sir, and the toast of Richmond, Wash-  
ington, Baltimore, the White Sulphur,  
everywhere! Gnd, sir, I was out with  
three young lunks before I—"

"Fie, colonel, what an example for  
your son! But tell me, Boyd, dear, do  
you love her?"

"Love Mary Annan, mother," said  
the young man, much abashed at the  
publicity given to his love affairs, yet  
forcing himself to speak boldly and an-  
swer her question, when he was inter-  
rupted a third time.

"Why, mother," said Miss Plinkie  
Peyton, his sister, a young woman just  
turned eighteen, as she joined the  
group on the porch, "if you could have  
read his letters to me you would think  
the sun rose and set and the earth be-  
gan and ended in Mary Annan. Love  
her!"

"That's as it should be," said the  
colonel decisively. "I used to feel that  
way about your mother, children."

"Used to feel that way, Colonel Pey-  
ton?" queried the matron, with an  
emphasis, easily understood, on the  
first word.

"I do now, indeed, and more and  
more every year," said the colonel  
hastily, anxious to remedy his blunder.

"Sir," said Boyd, smiling, "it only re-  
mains to take Willis into our confi-  
dence now and hold a family council  
upon the situation."

"I know all about it," nonchalantly  
remarked Willis, the last member of  
the family to appear on the scene.

Willis Peyton was small of stature,  
being twin brother to Plink, but an  
alert, bright appearing young fellow,  
with no whit of his brother's abstracted  
habit of mind, apparently. He had  
overheard the latter part of the con-  
versation.

"Plink, here, can't keep anything  
from me, her beloved twin brother, you  
know," he rattled on, "and always asks  
my advice in affairs of the heart—her  
own or another's. I think I have been  
most judicious in getting your mes-  
sages delivered to Miss Mary without  
her suspecting it, and if she ever mar-  
ries you you'll owe me a debt of grati-  
tude."

"Thanks, Willis," answered Boyd  
dryly. "And how about the lady?"

"Oh, she'll owe me nothing. Don't  
for the world tell her I had any hand  
in it. I don't wish to lose her regard  
on any account."

"Well, my son, have not you spoken  
to Mary?" interrupted his mother.

"No, mother; not yet."

"You have been most infernally—I  
beg your pardon, my love, but it's true  
—slow about it," said the colonel de-  
cisively, "but you must do it this very  
day."

"I know, of course, that she must  
know that I—that I—but I—you see,

father," he went on lamely, "I did not  
like to take advantage of her being  
alone in Boston. I was the only one  
of her people there, you know, and I  
thought it was proper to ask Judge  
Annan—"

"Ask nobody, sir, but the lady her-  
self, sir," snorted the colonel. "Bless  
me! Young men of today haven't any  
spirit at all!"

"Do you wish that rule to be carried  
out when somebody comes here for  
Plink?" asked Willis quickly.

"I reckon nobody is coming around  
after me at present, or at any time,"  
interrupted Plink partly, with a toss of  
her head.

"Well, if they know a good thing  
when they see it, they will," responded  
Willis. "Don't you worry, Plinkie,  
dear, I'll look out for you and steer you  
through the troubled waters of your  
love affairs, if you will trust yourself to  
me. You'll be all right. Mean-  
while—"

"Meanwhile," said Boyd, "I am going  
down to see Miss Mary as soon as  
breakfast is over."

"The idea of waiting until breakfast  
is over before you go to see your sweet-  
heart!" exclaimed the provoking Willis,  
with exaggerated disgust. "Breakfast  
before love! That's modern chivalry!"

"It isn't that, youngster," said Boyd,  
catching him by the shoulders with a  
gesture strikingly like his father's;  
"you'll know when you're older that  
it isn't respectable to call on young  
ladies at such an hour."

"Oh, well, for that matter, being in  
love is not respectable anyway," an-  
swered Willis contentiously.

"Boys, boys!" said their mother, half  
laughingly, wholly in earnest, "a man  
is never so worthy of respect as when  
he is in love—and remains in love.  
That's why I have such a high es-  
teem for your father here."

"Of course, of course," said the col-  
onel, swelling visibly at the compliment,  
"but here's Plinkie, and breakfast is  
ready. Come on, Lucy. Love and  
breakfast I always found to harmonize  
admirably in my case—both charming  
and both necessary. Come, children."

## CHAPTER III.

MARY ANNAN WILL NOT BE MADE LOVE  
TO.

MISS TEMPE ANNAN WAS a  
singular mixture of the grave  
and the gay. This morning  
she was feeling deeply seri-  
ous, not to say melancholy, for rea-  
sons various, but sufficient. In the  
first place, she was, as she would  
have phrased it, "dressed up." She  
was not yet old enough to enjoy at any  
and every time that process which she  
would find so delightful in later years.  
New clothes and best clothes made her  
tolerable, especially when they  
were put on without rhyme or reason.  
The fact that she was at that moment  
seated in the great best room also op-  
pressed her.

The child might have endured all  
these things, however, had it not been  
for an open book in the hand of a  
young lady who sat beside her. That  
open book meant to Miss Tempe an  
unlearned lesson. Most of Tempe's  
lessons were unlearned.

"Now, Tempe, dear," began her com-  
panion gently when the two had set-  
tled themselves, one comfortably and  
the other without any modification of  
her stubborn predetermined discom-  
fort, before the wood fire crackling and  
burning cheerfully in the open grate—  
now, Tempe, you really must say your  
lessons. Yesterday I let you off, the  
day before you were ill, but you must  
do them today."

"Yes, Sister Mary," said Tempe  
meekly. Tempe spoke with a flap, too  
slight to indicate, but just enough to  
be attractive. Her pronunciation was  
strikingly like her sister's.

At her sister's instigation Tempe  
arose and stood by her side, and both  
heads bent low over the volume, while  
with unspeakable agonies and violent  
contortions the child endeavored to ex-  
tract from the printed page the infor-  
mation that "the cat had the rat."

"Now, honey," said her sister per-  
suasively, "look at it; look at it hard!  
What is that first letter?"

"It," answered the child promptly,  
making a desperate guess.

"No, it's not 'h.' It looks a little  
like a part of an 'h,' but it isn't. What  
do we have for supper?"

"Cake," said Tempe triumphantly.  
"But it isn't cake, Sister Mary, is it?"

"No, it isn't cake, Tempe, and you  
know it isn't," said Sister Mary se-  
verely. "It's 't'—tea; you know."

"I don't have tea for supper. You  
said I was too little to have tea for  
supper. I don't know how I could  
'member that it was tea."

"Well, it is 't.' Now, remember that.  
Now, what is the next letter?"

But Tempe remained obstinately si-  
lent. The girl glanced up from the  
book to ascertain the cause of the sud-  
den stillness, saw the petrified stare  
upon her little sister's face, turned her  
head in the direction of her gaze, drop-  
ped the book and sprang to her feet  
with an ejaculation of delighted sur-  
prise.

"Why, Boyd Peyton?" she exclaimed,  
utterly forgetful of her little sister.  
"How glad I am to see you! Welcome  
to Annandale! What a surprise!"

"Didn't you know I was coming,  
Miss Mary? I thought that Plink and  
Willis—"

"Oh, yes, I knew it, of course, but  
your coming upon us so suddenly, you  
know, startled me."

"Forgive me," he said contritely. "I  
would not let the man announce me.  
I wanted to surprise you."

"It's all right. But come in and sit  
down. When did you get into town?  
How long are you going to stay? Why  
haven't you been to see me before?"

She poured out her questions upon  
him in a perfect torrent.

"I got here only last night—quite too  
late to visit you then; so I rode down  
the first thing this morning. I wanted  
to come the minute I got into town.  
The fact is, I believe I thought of see-  
ing you more than I did father or  
mother or anybody else."

"You believe you did!" with a toss

of the head and a suspicious emphasis  
on the second word.

"I am sure of it," confidently.

"Please, ma'am, Sister Mary," inter-  
rupted Tempe, "may I go now?"

"Yes, dear, run and play."

"But my lessons aren't finished," per-  
sisted the child, who suddenly develop-  
ed an unexpected and very unusual  
thirst for knowledge.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll hear them  
after a while. Say good morning to Mr.  
Peyton and run along."

"How do you do, Miss Tempe?" said  
Peyton gravely as the child walked  
over to him and extended her small  
brown hand.

"I am very well, sir, and I hope you  
are the same."

"Thank you, I am," laughed the  
young man. "My, how you have  
grown! You were such a little girl  
when I saw you last. Now you are  
quite a young lady, and so dressed up  
too!"

"Yes, Mr. Peyton, Sister Mary dress-  
ed me up this morning. These are my  
best clothes. I don't see why she did  
it. It isn't—It isn't, I mean—Sunday,  
an' I'm not going to a party. An' I  
had my lessons in the best parlor too.  
Did you dress me up, Sister Mary, be-  
cause Mr. Peyton was coming?"

Sister Mary blushed violently, and,  
to cover her confusion, Peyton slipped  
a box of sweets he had brought with  
him into the hand of the child and  
bade her run and eat them. In fact, he  
accompanied her to the door and stood  
looking after her for a few moments  
with thoughtful consideration before  
he returned to his seat.

Mary Annan had recovered her com-  
posure, in some measure, at least, by a  
violent effort, but when Peyton sat  
down again an awful silence ensued.

"You are the same old Boyd Peyton  
as ever, I see," she said at last to him.  
"You have not seen me for six months  
and haven't said half a dozen words to  
me, and now you are actually dream-  
ing in my presence."

"I have been dreaming about your  
presence ever since I saw you last,  
Miss Mary, and it is natural that I  
should dream on while I'm here. Be-  
sides, I was wondering—"

He stopped again.

"Wondering about what?" she asked  
somewhat impatiently; not a bit of a  
dreamer, she, at least not yet.

"Wondering if the child spoke the  
truth."

"Children usually do," answered the  
girl lightly. "Duplicité comes later."

"At what age?"

"I've not lived long enough to find  
out, sir," wittily answered the girl,  
smiling at his confusion. "But you  
were wondering about Tempe?"

"Yes, wondering whether you did  
dress her up for—whether you were—  
whether you really—"

He stopped lamely enough and  
looked gravely away from her. She  
laughed merrily.

"Whether I expected you? Of course  
I did. I knew you were coming. I  
expected you last night, and when you  
didn't come I was awfully disappointed,  
but I knew you would be here this  
morning. I have been anticipating this  
moment for a long time; hence this



"I wanted to surprise you."

open parlor, this blazing fire, Tempe's  
best dress and all the rest. Things  
have been made ready for your recep-  
tion," she went on audaciously, bow-  
ing low before him with mocking re-  
verence. Now your first question is an-  
swered, tell me how did you leave Bos-  
ton?"

"Cold, gloomy, frozen. You never  
saw anything like it."

"Did you see Miss Metenfe before  
you left?"

"Yes; I called at the school, and the  
old lady sent you her best love."

"She was a sweet old soul," said the  
girl.

"Yes," he assented heartily. "You  
remember she let us go out together  
pretty much whenever we wanted to.  
It was so nice of her."

"Oh, well, she looked upon you as my  
brother almost, of course."

"But you didn't look upon me that  
way, did you?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, no; not exactly," she an-  
swered; "you see, I have only one  
brother, and he is only thirteen. He  
is away at school, by the way. Now,  
you are too old for me to regard you  
as that kind of a brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Value of Seeds Given Away.  
The government of the United  
States gives away each year farm-  
ers, seeds to the value of \$250,000.

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An extraordinary opportunity for saving money will be given you by this sale.

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Represent some of the leading Fire Insurance Companies of the country. Also

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## THE BEST COAL

Is the Coal that makes the least dust and burns freely. That's what ours does. Let us fill your house.

PHONES 171 & 263. OVERSTREET COAL CO.

## 20 Per Cent

or One-Fifth off of all  
Coal Heating Stoves

MOORE'S AIR TIGHT

No. 1 was \$22.00 now \$17.60  
No. 2 was \$24.00 now \$19.20  
No. 3 was \$28.00 now \$22.40

All others in proportion. Now is the time to get a bargain. Remember 20 per cent. or one-fifth off.

Scott Hardware Co. Incorporated

Big White Store

318-324 Broadway.

## NEWS OF THE RIVERS.

### THE STAGES.

Cairo, missing.  
Chattanooga, 31.0—18.3 rise.  
Cincinnati, 44.4—3.0 rise.  
Evansville, 33.2—0.5 rise.  
Florence, 16.0—7.1 rise.  
Johnsonville, 23.5—8.5 rise.  
Louisville, 18.4—6.4 rise.  
Mt. Carmel, 16.3—3.8 rise.  
Nashville, 30.8—10.6 rise.  
Pittsburg, 25.5—17.4 fall.  
Davis Island Dam, 21.8—15.6 fall.  
St. Louis, 15.8—2.3 rise.  
Paducah, 38.5—1.5 fall.

Observations taken at 7 a. m. River 38.5 on the gauge, a fall of 1.5 in last 24 hours. Wind south, a light breeze. Weather cloudy and colder. Temperature 32 above. Poll. Observer.

The City of Louisville passed up yesterday at noon en route to Cincinnati from New Orleans where she carried a large party of Mardi Gras excursionists.

The Queen City is expected up today from New Orleans to Cincinnati.

The Savannah left at noon for St. Louis on her first trip of the season.

The City of Memphis left for Tennessee river today on her first trip of the season. She had been laying up here for three months with the Savannah waiting for the ice to run out of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.

The Dick Fowler left on time today for Cairo.

Captain H. Baker, of the Ayer-Lord Tle company, is at Cairo today on business.

The Woolfolk went to Cairo yesterday after a tow of miscellaneous freight and will return today. She will lay up for four or five days.

The Clyde is due tomorrow from Tennessee river.

The Avalon had not arrived out of Tennessee river at press time but is expected every minute. She is several days overdue.

The Butterff left at noon for Clarksville.

The Joe Fowler left on time this morning for Evansville with a good trip.

The Jim Duffey arrived yesterday morning at 7 o'clock and also did the Pavonia. They had been up the Tennessee river after ties. The Duffey cracked one cylinder last week but is able to do some little work yet.

Captain John S. Roger, of St. Louis, superintendent of the Grafton Quarry works, is here today looking after bills on barges he will have repaired here soon.

The Monia Bauer is at Turner's Landing on the lower Ohio taking out a tow of spokes. She will return here today or tomorrow. She left for that place yesterday.

The Marie J. is here preparing to go out after ties into Cumberland river.

The J. M. Bowell went into Cumberland river for ties today.

The Inverness and Russell Lord are up the Cumberland river taking out ties. They will be in the latter part of the week.

First Clerk Lee Rhodes today resumed his place on the Joe Fowler after a week's layoff.

Pilot Billy Smith left today on the Thomas Nevins for Tradewater mines.

Work will begin today on the new dory docks that are to be built on the South Side, the company having been recently organized in Paducah. There will be six sections to the docks, making it of large capacity.

William Keith, late clerk on the steamer City of Clifton, will leave Monday for Paducah to take the place of Clerk Eugene Bohlsou on the steamer Clyde for a few weeks, says the Globe-Democrat.

Savings of Uncle Sam's Soldiers. Despite the general opinion that the regular soldier spends in riotous living all the money Uncle Sam pays him, there is each year entrusted to the government a vast sum of money by enlisted men. All the soldiers who care to are given an opportunity to invest their savings with the government with the best possible security and are allowed 4 per cent interest. This chance is improved by many, as is shown by the fact that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, there were 80,883 separate deposits made, and the aggregate amount of deposits was \$2,660,250.65. In the four years from 1899 the aggregate amount deposited was \$10,811,056.74, while the principal paid out in that time amounted to \$7,974,514.60. The interest paid in the four years was \$366,701.02. The paymaster general reports that on June 30, 1902, there was standing to the credit of the enlisted men no less than the very tidy sum of \$4,269,244.31.



## MOST ESSENTIAL TO MAN'S WARDROBE IS A SPRING OVERCOAT



In this climate you need one oftener than a heavy coat. We've an extensive line in short and medium lengths in blacks, dark oxfords and the new tans, silk lined throughout, silk faced or plain Italian lined, all the various qualities and price ranges, and to clean up stock we offer them at

1-4 OFF

*Wallerstein's*  
CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS  
320 AND BROADWAY

## MINISTERS AROUSED

Meeting With Members of Citizens Committee Today.

Committee Appointed to Decide on Whether or Not to Appeal the Closing Law.

REPORT EXPECTED TOMORROW

Owing to dissatisfaction over the allegation that saloons are now again regularly open on Sunday, it has been decided by the Ministerial association and citizens' committee to take up the matter of appealing the recently enacted ordinance requiring saloons to close at 10:30 p. m.

This morning Messrs. P. F. Toof, H. H. Scott and C. C. Rose, of the citizens' committee, held a meeting with the Ministerial association, and the routine business was dispensed with.

The situation was discussed and it seemed to be the prevailing opinion that the saloon men had broken an agreement to close on Sunday on condition that the appeal of the 10:30 closing ordinance be dropped by the citizens' committee, and keep wide open on Sunday.

It has not yet been definitely decided what will be done, but is reported that the probability is the ordinance, which was decidedly partly unconstitutional, will be appealed at once, and if decided in favor of the city, be enforced.

A committee composed of Messrs. H. H. Scott, James Roger, P. F. Toof, E. W. Smith and C. C. Rose, of the citizens' committee, and Revs. Perryman, Reid, Newell, Johnston and Pankerton of the Ministerial association, was appointed to meet tomorrow and decide on a plan of action. They will meet in the afternoon or evening and decide whether or not to appeal the ordinance.

In addition, it is understood that Rev. Sam Jones will be here for a temperance address this month. He will be at Hopkinsville March 25, and will doubtless visit Paducah immediately thereafter, although no definite arrangements have yet been made for him.

While nothing positive is given out, there is talk of another local option agitation in Paducah.

Tips Discouraged in China. The tipping system is not encouraged in China. An execution recently took place outside the gates of Tai-yuen-Fu. The decapitated corpse belonged in life to a telegraph messenger. On the occasion of a great festival he asked for tips from some leading merchants who habitually used the telegraph office. The governor of the province heard of it and took prompt steps to suppress the nuisance.

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\* REASONABLE \*  
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## Flexibility of a "Dorothy Dodd"

EASY SOLES



IT IS SAID that the woman who goes to church with squeaky shoes goes to the right place, for her soles need attention.

There is really a good deal about the sole of a woman's shoe that needs attention. You realize it if you stop to think how much you relieve the discomfort and "hoarseness" of shoes by making their soles flexible.

So far as I know (and I have taken pains to examine many different makes of shoes) the "Dorothy Dodd" is the one shoe for women that is really constructed with a flexible sole.

You can tell the difference as soon as a few steps have been taken. It means comfort. And a flexible sole, as rule, will out last any rigid sole—don't overlook that!

They Cost

\$3.00

*Dorothy Dodd*

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